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It Is Not Death.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '14.

It is not death to die—
To lie beneath the sod,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

Nor is it death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong exultant wing
To live among the just.

Dickens the Champion of the Oppressed.

EDWARD A. ROACH, '13.

In the times which Dickens describes, England was enjoying a long domestic peace; the lower and middle classes were numerous, fairly well educated, and, to a degree, influential. No political or religious dissensions of much consequence threatened the country. The sovereign's power was more limited than ever before by parliamentary restraint, and though generally approved and respected, it no longer tyrannized or had the power to tyrannize over the nation. Life and property were also comparatively secure; both Jews and Christians of all denominations, relieved from persecutions and penalties, mingled together, especially in London, on terms of friendship, and showed a common respect for the established laws.

Yet, notwithstanding these vast improvements in the social state of London, an immense

amount of suffering still existed among its poorer inhabitants. The treatment of prisoners in jails, especially in debtors' prisons; the neglect and cruelty endured by pauper children in London workhouses; and the terrible temptation to robbery which so rich a city offered to its poorer inhabitants—these were now the chief curses of London's teeming population and apparently replaced the religious and political persecutions of former times in causing crime and misery in the capital of a Christian land.

To draw attention to these evils, to mitigate and, if possible, to remove them was the motive that impelled Dickens in all his work. And no one has succeeded better, or discovered a more effectual plan of forcing attention upon public abuses, evils, and wrongs, than Dickens has done by mingling terrible descriptions of London misery and crime with the most amusing sketches of London life. Instead of following Addison, Fielding, and Richardson in the description of country gentry or London men of fashion, or attempting to write the historical romances and legends of Sir Walter Scott; without alluding to the classic writers of antiquity with whom Dr. Johnson insists on hob-nobbing in his learned pages; without, indeed, saying much about famous men or incidents of his own or any other age, Dickens chiefly tried to attract interest by describing the characters, habits, and language of the middle and the lower—often the very lowest—classes in modern London. Out of such apparently unpromising materials, unaided and unfriended, the amazing genius of Dickens constructed a series of tales, sketches, and novels which finally attracted more attention and obtained more readers than any works of fiction had ever done before in England.

The all-important result was that the more educated and wealthier classes throughout

England acquired a knowledge of their poorer neighbors—their wants and actual conditions—of which many were previously almost as ignorant as foreigners. While describing and keenly sympathizing with the sufferings of the poor and unfortunate, Dickens never arouses in them the least ill-feeling against the wealthy and prosperous; a man of his talent, had he wished, might easily have done this with dangerous effect. But Dickens knew the real interests as well as the peculiarities of his countrymen. He firmly and steadily appealed to the better feelings and common sense of all classes, and elicited a general sympathy and interest for the unfortunate without either arousing the fears or endangering the safety of the prosperous and wealthy. He knew the calm justice of the English character sufficiently to be convinced that the public mind of the country only required enlightenment about the want and sufferings of its poorest inhabitants to grant the requisite attention and consequent relief. His object was never to induce the wronged and suffering to desire revolution, nor was it to encourage discontent, but rather to induce the common intelligence of the country to redress real grievances and alleviate undeniable sufferings. For these purposes he employs the most eloquent language and produces the most graphic and powerful descriptions of life and character ever attempted by any novelist. Accordingly his works, from their very first appearance, were sought for and mentally devoured by the British public with an eager delight never surpassed, if equalled, in the history of fictitious literature. It is probable that the times when Dickens wrote were highly favorable for inquiry into every kind of social abuse, suffering, or mismanagement. The spread of general education throughout England, the perfect freedom of the press, the increase of newspapers, the thoughtful calm of domestic peace, and the comparative absence of religious and political animosities—all these national advantages favored the efforts of the energetic young author by securing both impartial and general attention to the views expressed in his writings.

He earnestly and enthusiastically drew universal attention to scenes of social suffering and injustice which, though existing all around his readers, and especially in London, struck many of them with actual astonishment. Doubtless many lectures, sermons, speeches,

and treatises had previously described the state of London and the many miseries of the poor, but probably the repellent nature of the subject had discouraged many from its proper study and examination. Some worthy but misjudging writers would have indignantly censured the public apathy or indifference, encouraged revolutionary ideas, and roused the ignorant multitude by furious denunciations of the heartlessness of the wealthier classes. Dickens from the first took another and a surer way to effect his purpose, and thus showed an intuitive knowledge of English character. He carefully blends the comic and the sad together with that remarkable skill in gratifying the general taste which always distinguished him. When his readers are sated with laughter at his wit, he introduces pages of suffering and sorrow which, described with all the vividness of intense realism, interest even the most indifferent and unimaginative while they fairly melt the hearts of the sympathetic. Like Shakespeare and Scott, Dickens wrote for all denominations of educated men, neither offending nor gratifying religious prejudices. He first charms readers by his wit and humor, giving them real pleasure of the most wholesome kind, and then before the most captious critic can call him frivolous, he describes scenes of woe and melancholy, which, founded on truth, not exaggerated by the force of his genius, impress all thoughtful minds with irresistible power.

In his first sketches, which so well reveal the dawn of his genius, Dickens describes neither beauty, love, war, nor wisdom. There is nothing romantic in them; no sentimental scenes to interest novel-readers; no exposure of religious error to interest controversialists; and no political allusions to attract or gratify party feeling. All such matters are purposely omitted. It is the streets of London that he describes; and this description is enlivened constantly by the wittiest sketches of amusing characters placed in ridiculous situations. Accordingly, his first two books—the *Sketches* and *Pickwick Papers*—are the most amusing of all his works. Chapter after chapter in each abounds in varied fun and wit, while only a few in either reveal his great powers for pathetic description. The first chapters of *Pickwick* are all droll and lively: wit, fun, and merriment in every page till the chapter describing the clown's death. This vivid description con-

firms the impression of Dickens' great powers for pathetic delineation, his object in this sad chapter being to draw attention to the real state, hardships, and sufferings of those unfortunate people whose lives are devoted to amusing the public, and who too often and too literally live upon the applause which their efforts arouse, yet are seldom benefited by public charity.

The readers of *Pickwick* in the midst of laughter are often brought up short by such a sad chapter as this; and it makes all the better impression by appealing so suddenly and unexpectedly amid so much merriment.

Again, the famous trial scene in *Pickwick* is a strong proof of how deep a sense of legal injustice and knavery was striving in Dickens' mind with all his natural wit, drollery, and power of exciting laughter. He sternly resolved, despite his general intention to leave a cheerful impression on the reader's mind, to condemn and expose the state of the law which sanctioned such rascally conduct as that of attorneys Dodson and Fogg. True and valuable information is given of the strange abuses by which the English law was at this time disgraced; of the shameful cunning which often prevailed under its sanction and of the real danger to the public welfare of allowing such practices to continue with impunity. It was his use of great talents, guided by clear judgment, which enabled Dickens to enlist the mind of England on his side, to share his sentiments and views to their fullest extent. The most enthusiastic demagogue, eloquent politician, or sincere clergyman, might have declaimed for years about the iniquity of English lawyers, the defective state of the law, the mismanagement of prisons, and the sufferings of deceived clients, and yet not have produced so much effect on the public mind as Dickens accomplished by his descriptions in *Pickwick* alone.

Except the trial scene, the most impressive chapters are those that describe the dreadful state of the prison as it existed when Dickens wrote; its wretched rules and regulations, and the neglected, sad condition of its luckless inmates. Old and young, cheats, swindlers, and innocents were here confined together, quite excluded from the outer world and seldom visited by either magistrate or clergyman. No mention is made of clergyman or magistrate interesting himself in a place the condition of which so specially required their attention.

To prevent some fastidious or nervous readers from avoiding these chapters in disgust or horror, Dickens introduces some amusing and harmless rogues like Smangle, Mivins, etc.; but the death of the old Chancery prisoner, neglected and half-starved, tells its own tale of misery and strange injustice. Yet his case is too painful to dwell upon. Dickens presents it suddenly, describes it in a few powerful lines, and leaves it to make its proper impression on the minds of readers.

Again in *Nicholas Nickleby*, Dickens exercises his wonderful descriptive powers and introduces us to conditions unthought of. The following account of the Dotheboys Hall pupils must make a strong impression on all its readers: "Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenance of old men, deformities with iron upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to the core in silence, what an incipient hell was breeding there!" Here again, readers may reasonably wonder, as in the prison scenes and workhouse scenes of *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*, where were the clergymen of the parish, or the nearest magistrates. That such schools were actually in Yorkshire when this book was written seems certain. "The debtor's prisons described in *Pickwick*, the parochial school management denounced in *Oliver Twist*, and the Yorkshire schools exposed in *Nicholas Nickleby* were all in actual existence."

Dickens writes as if he, instead of knowing of these schools and their evils, had just discovered them, and drew public attention to them at the same time, otherwise his just mind and powerful pen would probably not have spared either wilful neglect or connivance. He writes like a traveller hastening to apprise his fellow-countrymen about his discoveries, of which they had little, if any, previous idea. In the preface to *Nickleby*, Dickens states that "more than one Yorkshire schoolmaster laid claim to being the original of Mr. Squeers; that one consulted a lawyer about bringing an action against the author of Dotheboys Hall, and that another meditated a journey to London for

the sake of committing an assault and battery upon his traducer."

The names of Squeers and Dotheboys Hall were soon spread through every English town and district; indignation and astonishment were equally aroused, and general inquiries were made about schools and their management, without a single riot or the least risk of any popular disturbance. With that remarkable knowledge of the English character which Dickens possessed, he had selected the best plan for accomplishing his design.

Dickens has been accused of presenting low life in too vulgar a light and has received much criticism on that account, but only the rabidly fastidious could read *Oliver Twist*, *Nickleby*, or *Dombey*, without finding their better feelings aroused, strengthened, and gratified.

Dickens obeyed the standard he had set up, and it was a standard which every one in his day approved. It stands to the eternal honor of Dickens that he did much to infuse a more humane spirit into the general life of the people. "Daniel Webster once told the Americans that Dickens had done more to ameliorate the conditions of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament." "It was his pen that abolished the debtor's prison, public executions, and the worst abuses of parochial and private school systems, to speak only of reforms that are generally known as his handiwork."

For him, as for every man of genius who has profoundly moved us, it is true that "he learned in suffering what he taught in song".... The poor and the harassed, the people of no account who know sordid struggles and mean anxieties, will always love Dickens, and the house which has no other books will have his. Above all things he was a novelist of the people—far more than Scott or Fielding or Thackeray, or any other writer to whom he may be compared. To reach the people the pen need not be super-fine, but it is certain that it must be held by a hand that has a kindly heart behind it. If sometimes the fastidious may reproach such a writer with vulgarity, is it not a very light charge, unworthy consideration when we remember the affection, pity, and sympathy he has excited and stimulated into active forces which deeply penetrated the whole mass of society with the spirit of a most serviceable humaneness and aroused their conscience to a sense of justice toward the poor?

A Lullaby.

FRANCIS LUZNY, '14.

SLEEP, my babe of smiling dimples,
Sleep and dream till break of dawn!
May thy slumber be unbroken,
While the shades of night are drawn!

Sleep, sweet babe, and dream of heaven,
Lulled by angels' gentle song,—
List, they call thee in the breezes,
As unseen they glide along!

Aleek—Who Waited.

ARTHUR HAYES, '15.

The big muscallonge lunged upward savagely through the clear green water, and I thought he was going to strike. But he didn't. He merely slapped the pearl spoon contemptuously as he turned and sank back into the shadowy depths. I kept my eyes fast upon him as he receded into the weeds, and suddenly I observed something previously overlooked, though I had scanned those same pellucid depths a score of times. It was a skeleton; the skull was half buried in the black ooze, the ribs and limbs entwined with lily stems and green ropy slime. I glanced at my guide who nodded comprehendingly.

"Oui, M'sieu," he responded, divining my unspoken query. "Eet ez ze trappaire, Jean Larue." And forthwith he related the story of Jean Larue and Aleek,—Aleek who had waited.

Aleek was one of four fat wolf cubs that gambolled clumsily in front of their cave-like home on the banks of the Big Grassy. And he was the first one that Jean Larue had grabbed that fateful June morning, and had thrust into his greasy, malodorous knapsack. With the other three he had been carried four miles out into Namawakon lake, to the half-breed's summer camp. There they were dumped unceremoniously into a small enclosure where lay a flat, bloody, lifeless thing which the young cubs speedily recognized as their former protector, and as if still seeking its meagre consolation and protection, they drew close to it, whimpering, and fell asleep.

The next day, and for many days thereafter, they roamed freely about their rocky, pine-covered island home. That winter they were securely housed in a stout enclosure, where they grew mangy and sickly from close confinement. But when the waters of the lake were again open they were liberated; for, as their captor well knew, their aversion for water prevented their escaping by a four-mile swim. With the advent of the second fall, Larue prepared to put his long cherished plan into execution.

Successively each of the now matured young wolves were buckled into a tight, heavy harness, and kicked and beaten into the understanding that they were to pull the light toboggan at the man's command. They had snarled and struggled without avail, for their trainer's club was heavy and the impact of his foot severe. They submitted with bad grace to the inevitable, all save Wishiwit, the morose, who neither made nor received any advances, and who died as he had lived,—silent and defiant.

With a single husky as leader, they acquired their education in the traces, and a wonderful team they made. Three months after their initiation they won the three hundred mile race for the mail contract—won it because they could keep travelling when other mulemen fell in the harness—won it because their sinews were of steel and their hearts unbreakable.

The fame of that husky leader and the three huge, gaunt, timber wolf trailers spread afar. And of the sturdy quartet, Aleek was the most talked of, the most admired. Taller, heavier, and less gaunt than his brother and sister, he was a darker gray in color and was splashed on muzzle, ears, and shoulders with pure black. One hundred and forty-four pounds of muscle, lungs, and heart, he loped when the others were walking and would have walked when the others were unable to stagger.

Jean was offered twenty-four hundred dollars for the team in Sakawon, and had merely grunted his disdain. Yet he knew that only constant vigilance prevented the prized trailers from returning to their native wilds. He used a tough, light steel chain to fetter them in camp, and muzzled them on the trails that they might not gnaw their harness and escape.

To tourists and *cheechakos* the swarthy

breed and his savage team were a source of unfailing interest. And for the edification of the latter he practised a favorite trick. When the three wolves were lying down apparently asleep, he would walk back carelessly and make as if he had stumbled. At noonday or midnight the result was always the same. The three forms unwound like steel springs, and crouched to spring if he went down. And when Aleek, the courageous, sprang, the big half-breed would meet him with a crushing kick in the face that sent him crashing to the ground, stunned and sick. Yet always when thus vanquished, the wolf's long lips would writhe back into something that resembled a leer of menace, something that had in it a hint of long patience and the surety of blood-slaked revenge. And Jean Larue, observing would remark, "By gar, dose Aleek, he sure raise hell eef he git de chance." And the "tenderoot" would shudderingly concur. When Aleek, though tethered and hampered by his chain, succeeded in killing Sitka Charlie, the hardest fighting husky in the camps of the Northland, his price rose to eight hundred dollars. But for some inexplicable reason, his avaricious owner never accepted any of the proffered gold dust.

After a hard winter as mail carrier and freighting contractor, Larue loaded up with supplies, settled his accounts, and hit the seven hundred mile trail for his home to the south and east. And on the trail the big muleman, who was the leader, sickened and on the second day was shot. The trapper looked at the little husky he had purchased in Nome, and then he looked at Aleek.

"Sacredam!" he declared, "I give dose devil a chance." And Aleek thenceforth led. At McHenry house, before a concourse of admiring squaw men, breeds, squaws, and papooses, the proud Larue performed his stumbling trick, and the crowd about the trading post roared with laughter as he knocked the big leader down with the butt of his rifle. Yet Aleek's lips again writhed back from his bleeding fangs in his usual long jawed smile, and his little slant eyes narrowed to conceal a light that was not good.

The trail was mushy from steady thawing the next morning as they swung out through the silent, dripping pines on the last lap of the homeward journey. As they reached the shores of Namawakon lake, the voyageur

decided to halt. And it was while he was shading his eyes to gaze out across the water covered ice that Aleek made his first move toward vengeance. The brute's big paw crept up alongside his slanting eye and with a scarcely perceptible sound, the rotten securing strap on his muzzle broke.

Larue was too engrossed in happy anticipation to notice it. He yelled a command to "Mush" and at the first syllable the four were obediently up and into their collars.

Two full inches of water covered the ice and the footing was decidedly uncertain. Two miles out Jean Larue slipped. He strove to recover his balance, but with a roar of rasping hate, one hundred and forty pounds of pent-up malice was upon him. He sought to protect himself as he went down, but the long head drove in determinedly, and the white teeth found and ripped his throat.

Aleek proceeded methodically. He ripped off the muzzles of the other two, and they speedily extricated themselves from their harshness of bondage. The little husky whimpered with a dread fear. The next instant the three were upon him and had torn him limb from limb.

After pausing to sniff the silent figure whose blood was pumping regularly from the severed jugular vein and making crimson the water in which he lay, the three gray figures turned and trotted back toward the shore. And as Aleek loped toward freedom, his long lips writhed back in what might have been a smile. And the next day the ice went out.

Contrast.

ANDREW I. SCHREYER, '14.

THAT man loves best the radiant sun
And feels its cheeriest glow
Who oftenest sees the heavens frown
And storm-clouds hanging low.

If you would know the balm of rest
Or gentle peace enjoy,
You first must feel the weight of toil—
Sweet pleasure's hard alloy.

As roses, when their thorns are gone,
Soon lose their winsome art,
So Life would lose its sweetest charm
Should all its griefs depart.

Father Ryan, the Poet of the South.

SPEER W. STRAHAN.

A distinguished writer has said that to be a poet one must possess three characteristics: the love of God, the love of woman, and the love of country. When religion is abandoned, the virtue of woman held in contempt, or a people oppressed, the poet's genius remains dormant, only to break forth when men are free, when womanhood is honored, when the soul soars up into the skies to press against the very gates of Heaven and call to its God. The restriction of any of these three faculties, on the other hand, will set many a manly heart ablaze, will make many a poet's lips call out in protest against evil, though once this wrong has been righted they will close in silence or, at best, sound little dulcet notes to chime in with the world's great harmony.

The poet here taken for a few consideration is one who is not numbered with the world-poets; he ranks not with Homer or Virgil, whose lofty strains excite and elevate the imagination; not with Dante, whose powerful word pictures so deeply impress the mind; not with Shakespeare, who laid bare the human heart. He is one who, in a lowly corner of the world, crooned his lays in a soft and tender tone, and sang sad dirges, so pathetic and so human, for his beloved Southland. Such was Abram Ryan, the "poet-priest and singer of the South."

Father Ryan enjoys in literature a position desired by many but attained by few,—a place in the hearts of the people, where he appeals with the same force to the learned as to the unlettered, to the sage as to the toiler. Through his gifts as writer no less than his ready willingness to employ his talent to aid every good cause, he has won the gratitude and love of his fellowmen. He has endeared himself to his country by the heroic services rendered during the civil conflict; to his fellowmen by his sympathy for their misfortunes; to his Maker by the zeal shown for His Glory and to the defence of His cause.

Because his was a simple soul, his poems were to him only the "verses of a spirit who somehow tried to sing." And yet these verses, as he calls them, these gems that have made

their way into the choicest jewel-casket of American literature, he admits having written with only "a little of study and less of art." Regarding this poetry in such a light, there will be no failure to realize in his utterances the humanity of a gentle heart that lies palpitating close beneath the surface.

As a patriot, Ryan will go down in history as one of the most zealous defenders of the "Lost Cause." The South was his fatherland; naught seemed to him sweeter than the fragrance of the magnolia bloom, nothing merrier than the whistle of the mocking bird. Believing her to be in the right, he spared neither body nor mind in his efforts to aid the Confederate claims; at this time the throbbing strings moved but to bewail a country devastated by conflict, a nation bowing in submission to the crushing power of an oppressor. In these dirges is sounded the saddest and most desolate note of all his lyrics. His sensitive soul keenly felt this anguish when he pathetically broke forth:

O Land where the desolate weep,
In a sorrow no voice may console!
Our tears are but streams, making deep
The ocean of love in our soul.

He felt and acted as only a defender of right and a champion of the weak and persecuted could feel, since he was actuated by the most unselfish ideals, and impelled by the most disinterested sympathy.

Ryan is equalled in the purity of his instinctive reverence for womanhood by few southern writers. This respect for woman found its source in the atmosphere of his early life, but most of all in the centre of that life, his mother, the remembrance of whom remained always dear to him. His childish love for her, his best friend, he well expressed in the lines:

Yea, God is sweet!
She told me so;
She never told me wrong.

Chaste and simple ideals sufficed for this lover of artlessness. A tender love for her to whom he must go with his childish woes and perplexities became the foundation of an extraordinary veneration for her sex. He wrote of a mother who was to him the holiest of women, the fairest of queens, the wisest of counsellors, the surest of guides; and his fidelity to such a lofty ideal made him gracious in thought and deed to all womankind.

The religious influences that so early sanctified

the life of this poet-priest are manifest in the devout sentiments that permeate his poetry. With him all things created praised the omnipotence of the Creator, the ingenuousness of the Master, the benignity of the Saviour, and the anguish of the Crucified. Clad in his sacerdotal vestments, he looked forth on the world with eyes that were more than human, as one gazing down from a height below which the nations of the earth were gathered in battle array. With him the portrayal of the Divine attributes was a labor of love, a labor that not only penetrated his poetry, but also deeply influenced his private life.

In the same way he recognizes God's particular and providential care for His children:

Deep in the dark I hear the feet of God:
He walks the world; He puts His holy hand
On every sleeper—only puts His hand—
Within it benediction for each one—
Then passes on.

His love for the Eucharist was so reverent and tender as to absorb much of his thought and give rise to many of his sweetest poems, as, for example, *The Star's Song to the Flower*:

Flower! Flower! I see him pass,
Each hour of night and day,
Down to an altar and a Mass,
Go thou! and fade away,
Upon His shrine.

Ryan was a lyricist who, not content to sing of the insignificant that gladdens men's hearts, must rise higher for his inspirations, even to the Deity Himself. It is not easy to give him a definite place in American literature, but this is certain, that no other Catholic poet of America has succeeded in setting forth so simply and yet so convincingly the beauties of religious mysteries. Even Father Tabb falls short of him in this respect. The subtle thought required for the appreciation of Tabb's religious poems is replaced by a restful ease with Ryan, and the scholarly taste by one adapted to simple minds.

Such a poet was Father Ryan. He wrote not for remuneration, for name, nor for honor. Rather he wrote as a mother lulling her child to sleep, as a prophet foretelling sweet tidings to an expectant nation, as a man to his fellow-man. Judged by the three qualities necessary in the equipment of a true poet—the love of God, womanhood, and country—Father Ryan has well deserved the poet's laurels and a safe niche in literature's hall of fame.

Varsity Verse

I SHOULD WORRY.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

WHEN the cases don't agree and the Greek is
Greek to me,

When subjunctive is the mood of the things whereof
I brood,

When the world seems in a flurry—comes our com-
rade, "I should worry."

When I try to write some verse, and am almost forced
to curse,

When I can not find a rhyme, when my meter's out
of time,

When it pokes where it should hurry,—then I mutter,
"I should worry."

When friends prove their falsity and the world goes
back on me,

When the days are chill and drear, though they should
have springtime cheer,

Then I call for—in a hurry—that good fellow, "I
should worry."

IN THE FUTURE.

JOSEPH J. THOLE.

Ah, what a change the world will see

When women get the vote!

They'll sweep the polls, but hubby dear

Will have to mend his coat;

He'll learn to cook, and bake, by Jove!

Though this may get his goat;

He'll stir the soup, and rock the babe

While wifey goes to vote.

She goes to vote; meets Mrs. Jones;—

"Don't leave, let's talk awhile;—

"You vote for H?" "No, X. You know

Her hobble skirt's in style."

And hubby with his restless babe

Has burnt the dinner roast.

He can not find a way to vote

Except by parcel post.

A LETTER.

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.

The Morning Delivery.

Her letter did not come today.

What is it makes the world so gray?

The flowers all are limp and dead,

And there's no sunshine overhead,

But murky clouds in billows lie

Across forbidding glooms of sky.

All yesterday was bright and clear.

What is it makes today so drear?

The Afternoon Delivery.

Did I once say the world is drear?

I've grown a pessimist I fear.

The flowers that I mourned as dead

But drooped with the crystal dew instead;

And clouds that flecked a lowering sky

By two's and three's have frolicked by

Like school-girls trooping out to play—

Her letter came today.

THE BEAUTY WITHIN.

ALFRED J. BROWN, '14.

The muddy pool reflects the bright blue sky,

And rarest blossoms spring from rocky earth.

Fair lilies oft in foulest marshes lie,

And limey shells enclose the pearls of worth.

Despise not her who lacks mere outward grace,—

Her soul, perchance, is fairer than her face.

MAY.

LOUIS EICK, '14.

She comes, a thing of beauty, with sweet loveliness
a duty,

With the daisies and the cowslips in her hair;

The breath of bloom upon her and the sun's warm
kisses on her,

The perfume of her presence everywhere.

The songs of birds,—her greeting—all the world with
pleasure meeting,

Their melody upon her lips to stay.

Her robes of fresh green sweeping, where the wild
buds forth are peeping—

The fairy, airy, merry month of May.

A Chance Assignment.

CHARLES H. MCCARTHY, '15.

Hot and grimy, Ted Croft stumbled through the open door of an equally hot and grimy East Side lunch room and shambled up to the counter.

"Egg sandwiches two, a glass of milk, and a cut of apple pie!" he ordered wearily.

A greasy-looking waiter, with the traditional wet and coffee-stained napkin thrown over his shoulder, nodded mutely, repeated the order in a harsh, nasal voice to the cook, and slumped off to the rear of the room.

Ted was thoroughly exhausted. The editor of the *Evening News*, the "sheet" for which he worked, had sent him to get particulars about a fire away up in the eighth ward. By the time Ted had arrived on the scene everything was quiet. He found the house locked and personal investigation impossible. In a little German saloon on a corner nearby he had listened to a more or less distorted version of the facts given by the bar-tender in equally distorted English.

"Shucks!" he muttered, mopping his forehead with a damp handkerchief. "Only another darned chimney blaze! A dutch hausfrau putting too much wood in her stove! Huh! That's a fine story to work all morning for. Great returns for a seven-mile car ride, a two-mile tramp, and an hour's arguing with a gang of ignorant foreigners. I'll bet the editor will raise a whole lot bigger blaze himself and there'll likely be more damages, too."

His reflections were suddenly broken by the waiter slamming down in front of him a heavy plate upon which reposed two sticky yellow objects that figured on the bill of fare under the nom de plume of egg sandwiches. Ted was too tired and too disgusted to eat much. He nibbled slowly at his sandwiches, gulped a little of the stale milk, stuck his fork angrily into the soggy, underdone pie crust of his "cut of apple" and sighed. Yes, his conclusions of the last few days were being sustained and justified. Reporting for the *Evening News* was no job for an ambitious young man.

Suddenly he dropped his fork and whirled about in his stool. Above the clatter of dishes, the sizzle of cooking food, and the buzz of conversation he had heard the sharp, plaintive

cry of a child: "Papa, papa, I want my papa!"

Beside the cash counter stood a little girl crying piteously. A man rushed forward and took the child in his arms. From the tiny fingers he snatched a scrap of paper, read it at a glance, dropped the child with a loud cry of grief and rage, and rushed like a madman from the restaurant.

Ted, on his feet in an instant, picked up the scrap of paper as it fluttered to the floor. On it were several lines,—but they were in Italian. However, there was some evil abroad; some tragic story in the making, that called for the services of the press. With that prompt decision developed by two years' service as a reporter, he paid his bill, grabbed his hat, and followed the man out the door. There he was, just turning a corner. Ted jammed his derby down over his ears and sprinted for all he was worth.

What followed was like a scenic drama. Ted had a vague remembrance of following that speeding stranger for blocks and blocks. Down alleys, up side streets, through brick yards, along narrow parks, and across bridges he tore, always keeping the hatless man in sight, never daring to stop for an instant.

Just when his lungs were about to refuse further service and his weary limbs were ready to sink beneath him, he saw the man disappear in the back door of a little fruit store.

Ten minutes later he rushed to a telephone booth in a corner drug store.

"This you, Mr. Evans?" he bawled over the wire, after waiting impatiently for several minutes.

"Yes," came the curt answer.

"This is Ted Croft. Say, there's been a Vendetta murder down here on the East Side! Woman knifed; husband frantic. Two men suspected—an organ grinder and a peanut vender. The mob have caught them and they're getting more threatening every minute. Looks like a stiletto fest will finish up matters. Am I in time with this copy? Hey?"

"Yes, just in time. A good story, too. That fire was nothing to it. Do this kind of work right along and you'll keep me busy raising your salary. Take the cross-town back. I've got another job for you."

"Not so bad!" chirped Ted to himself as he chased a cross-town car. "I never heard 'the chief' open up like that before. I believe I'll stick to the old 'sheet' after all."

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—"With the signs of summer all around us and the dream of home ahead," as Mr. Kiley expressed it, the President of the University arrived home **Welcome Home.** from foreign travel last Thursday. The cordial greeting he received on all sides proved unmistakably that absence in his case did not break the "tie that binds." From the Minion who rolled gleefully on the wide acres of his campus, to the Senior with a thesis to worry him, there was a general *sursum corda*. This splendid expression of school love and loyalty must be pleasing to Father Cavanaugh; not for himself, in a personal way, for he has reached a time when receptions and greetings and addresses have lost the charm of novelty. But as showing the feelings of teachers and students to the highest authority in the school, it must have impressed him deeply and favorably.

With the rumble of Commencement and its attendant festivities in the near distance, with our baseball team touring the East and our debaters crowned with laurels here at home, the return of the President fills full our measure of enjoyment. The proverbial flowers of May are not more welcome. Every Notre Dame man feels the quickening pulse, the electric thrill, the spontaneous outburst; every hat is lifted, every head is bared. We salute you, Father Cavanaugh. You are welcome home indeed!

—The South Bend *Tribune* appears with a brand new one in its issue of last Thurs-

day. This time Granfield is "professionalized" by virtue of a promise to play with Cincinnati at the end of the school year. The "goods" came from C. H.

Granfield This Time. Zuber, "sport writer," via *Sporting News* to the *Tribune*. There is an unmistakable note of glee in the *Tribune's* comment following the "disclosure;" a sort of "now-what-shu goin' to do 'bout it" dare that makes one suspect the *Tribune's* sanctified intention to help us be better. Comments the *Tribune*:

It appears rather odd that announcements of this sort would be made by Cincinnati authorities if the entire affair was a falsehood. It will be rather interesting to note just how strongly and forcibly Notre Dame officials will deny the statements of Mr. Zuber and *Sporting News*. As a matter of fact it makes little difference what they say in this respect. The big truth stands out that absolutely no data on Granfield has been sent out of South Bend to Cincinnati. Granfield is not such a wonder that his name is on the lips of every sporting writer throughout the country. Neither is Notre Dame. And yet an announcement is made by Cincinnati authorities that "Third Baseman Granfield of Notre Dame university has agreed to go with the Reds after the close of the present college season."

Rather odd, isn't it? That is, odd if not true. Upon second consideration it is not very odd at all.

Without dwelling at any length on the somewhat bitter personal taunts which betray a littleness unworthy a daily paper of any pretensions, it need only be said that it is very possible Granfield has promised to play baseball with Cincinnati at the end of the school year. But surely a promise to play with a team does not make a man a professional baseball player, any more than a promise to practise law makes a professional lawyer. If Granfield has signed a contract to play baseball with Cincinnati he is professional. The article in question makes no mention of any contract; the athletic authorities know of no contract; the *Tribune* has made no mention of any contract. Notre Dame authorities—since "it will be so interesting to note"—neither "strongly" nor "forcibly" deny the statements of Mr. Zuber. Mr. Granfield may promise to play with Cincinnati or with the "Bugleville Terrors" at the close of school if he wants to. That's his affair. He has signed no contract, is in no sense a professional ball player so far as anybody connected with athletics here knows. When the athletic authorities know otherwise they will handle the question fully and with finality.

The statement that "Granfield is not such a wonder that his name is on the lips of every sporting writer throughout the country" is a classically crude example of going nine miles out of the way to slam. Those of us who know the meek and modest Granfield are sure it has never been his ambition to be on the lips of every "sporting writer throughout the country." He is a good student, a rare gentleman, and the kind of ball player Notre Dame students idolize. We are sorry he has been hit where he is least offensive. And the added statement, "Neither is Notre Dame," will make all the decent people of South Bend feel ashamed. They know the littleness is uncalled for. Notre Dame never has claimed, never has desired, to be on the lips of every "sport writer." Her purposes are larger, the services she has to render run in other and higher directions. We have striven to be modest; we have always been taught to be calm in our triumphs, to be sane in our celebrations, to consider athletics as a means to make our school years run more pleasantly. We are sorry that even the *Tribune* writer thinks he hurts us by telling us we are unknown to the makers of athletic sapience.

It must have been a grave oversight that the information about Granfield was not sent out from South Bend—which, we take it, is the *Tribune*. But there is a measure of compensation in the thought that the *Tribune* was successful in coralling the information once it was turned loose. "For this relief much thanks!" That one so near home is so neighborly, so keen to our athletic uplift is pleasing indeed! We hope the students here and the alumni in South Bend and our friends near and far are as grateful as they ought to be.

Trinity Sunday.

Solemn high mass was sung on Trinity Sunday by Father Irving with Fathers MacCauley and T. Burke assisting as deacon and subdeacon. Father Hagerty preached a sermon of practical instruction on the Trinity, choosing for his text the passage from Holy Writ: *Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost*. In these words are contained the revealed doctrine of the Trinity. During the Lenten season Holy Church prepared our minds for the ascension of the risen Christ; now she draws aside the veil of heaven's sanctuary and

we behold the divine majesty of the Holy Trinity. At the sight of this celestial mystery the human mind falters, and though it finds no contradiction in the truths which it beholds, it must base its faith upon the fact of God's revelation. Once accepted, the truths of the Trinity become principles by which we can explain many scientific facts otherwise inexplicable. Moreover, it solves the question of the relation of sexes, and again we see trinity in unity: woman is the word of man as Christ is the Word of the Father; woman is obedient to man as Christ was to the Father; the Holy Ghost is represented by the love man and woman bear each other.

Corpus Christi Ceremonies.

The ceremonies for Corpus Christi were opened with a solemn high mass, celebrated by Rev. Provincial Morrissey assisted by Fathers Schumacher and Lavin. The Battalion assisted at the mass in dress uniform and added dignity to the service and to the procession that filed around the university grounds after mass. The ceremony of open-air Benediction on the steps of Walsh hall, Science hall, and the Main Building, which for years has been an honored custom at Notre Dame, was an impressive sight and one that thrilled participants and beholders with joy and devotion. As the Battalion, students, and clergy knelt down upon the campus in solemn adoration of their Eucharistic God, the scene in all its fervor and piety could not have been aught but pleasing to Him they worshipped. It was a grand profession of Catholic faith.

The altars at the different halls were beautifully decorated with flowers, electric lights, and burning candles, and during the benediction the music of the band accompanied the choir in the solemn singing of the hymns.

Philopatrians Disband for the Year.

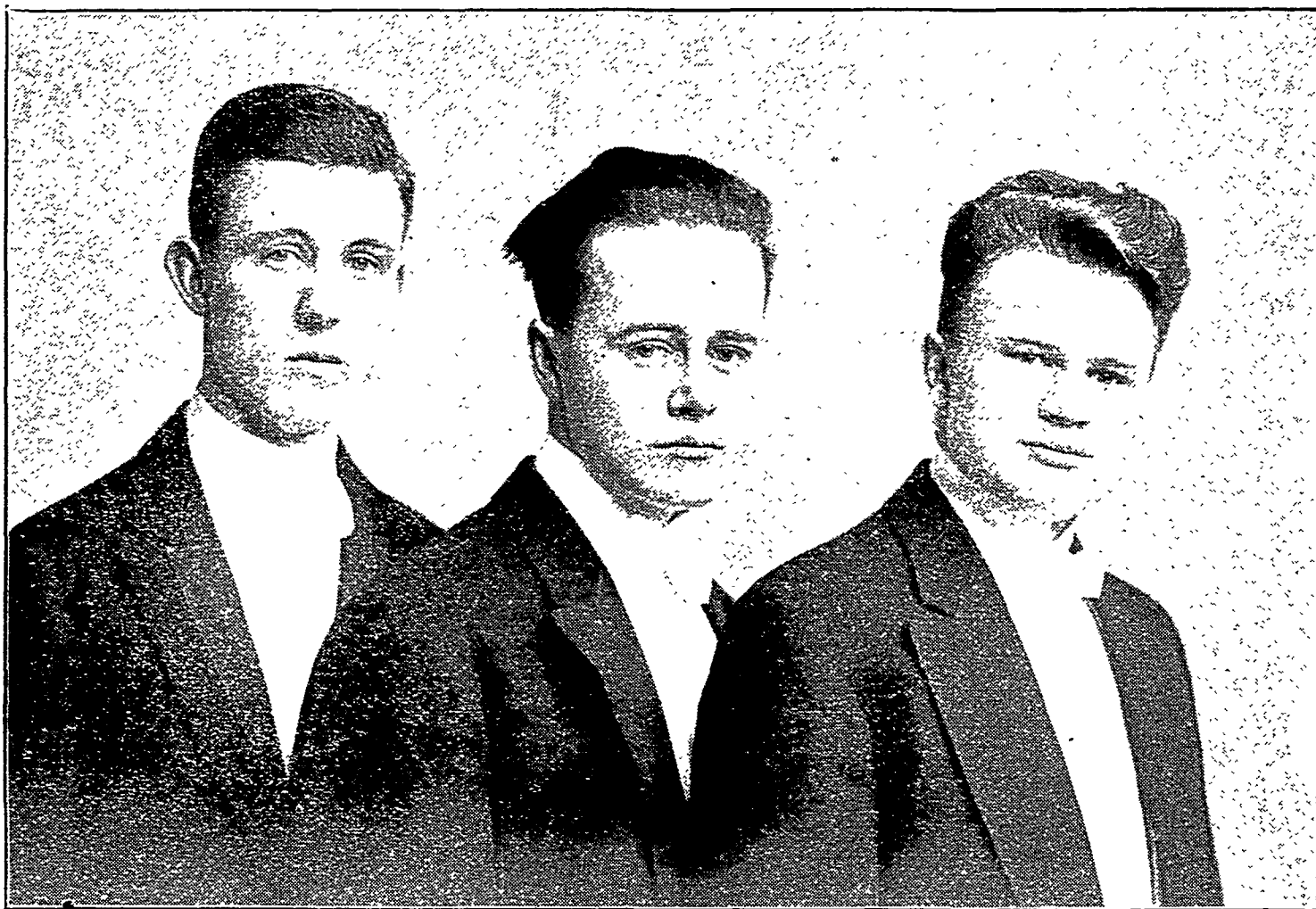
On Tuesday evening the Philopatrians closed their social activities for the year by a farewell banquet at which Fathers J. Burke, T. Burke, and Hagerty were the guests and speakers. The Fathers complimented the boys on the good results of their organization, and the success of their play and entertainments. Much of this success, all agreed, was owing to Brother Cyprian's great zeal and constant efforts in behalf of his young charges.

Notre Dame Twice Victorious.

WINS UNANIMOUSLY FROM INDIANA.

The second annual debating contest between teams representing the University of Notre Dame and the University of Indiana, which was held in Washington hall, Friday evening, May 16, resulted in a clean-cut victory for our brilliant, hard-working representatives. The local team, which supported the affirmative of the proposition, "Resolved: That Indiana Should Grant the Right of Suffrage to Women,"

the second affirmative speaker, dwelt upon woman's moral influence on politics, and her great power for political and social regeneration. He stressed the importance of the ballot as a means of reform, and demonstrated that whatever non-partisan influence women may have, the addition of the ballot to their resources will insure quicker and more effective reform. Mr. Twining, in closing for the affirmative, discussed in detail the practical aspect of the question, declaring that the experience of the suffrage states proves conclusively that the innovation has been successful where tried. He cited various instances to prove that where



SIMON E. TWINING

WILLIAM J. MILROY

J. CLOVIS SMITH

was composed of William J. Milroy, J. Clovis Smith, and Simon E. Twining. The negative was upheld by Kenyon Stevenson, Orman Six, and Glenn Hillis.

Mr. Milroy, who opened for the affirmative, based his arguments for an extension of the franchise to women upon the fact that industrial and social development necessitates concomitant changes in political principles. He contended that since women have become economically independent of men, the interests of the sexes are identical, and the granting of the ballot is both expedient and desirable. Mr. Smith,

franchise was granted, women have administered their privilege as wisely as men, shunning extremes, and evidencing an intelligent grasp of public questions.

In conclusion, Mr. Twining reviewed the signal accomplishments of women voters, and quoted the favorable utterances of many officials of suffrage states.

The negative contended that woman suffrage is undesirable because it has proven a failure where tried; because women are intellectually and temperamentally unfitted for the duties of citizenship; and because the granting of

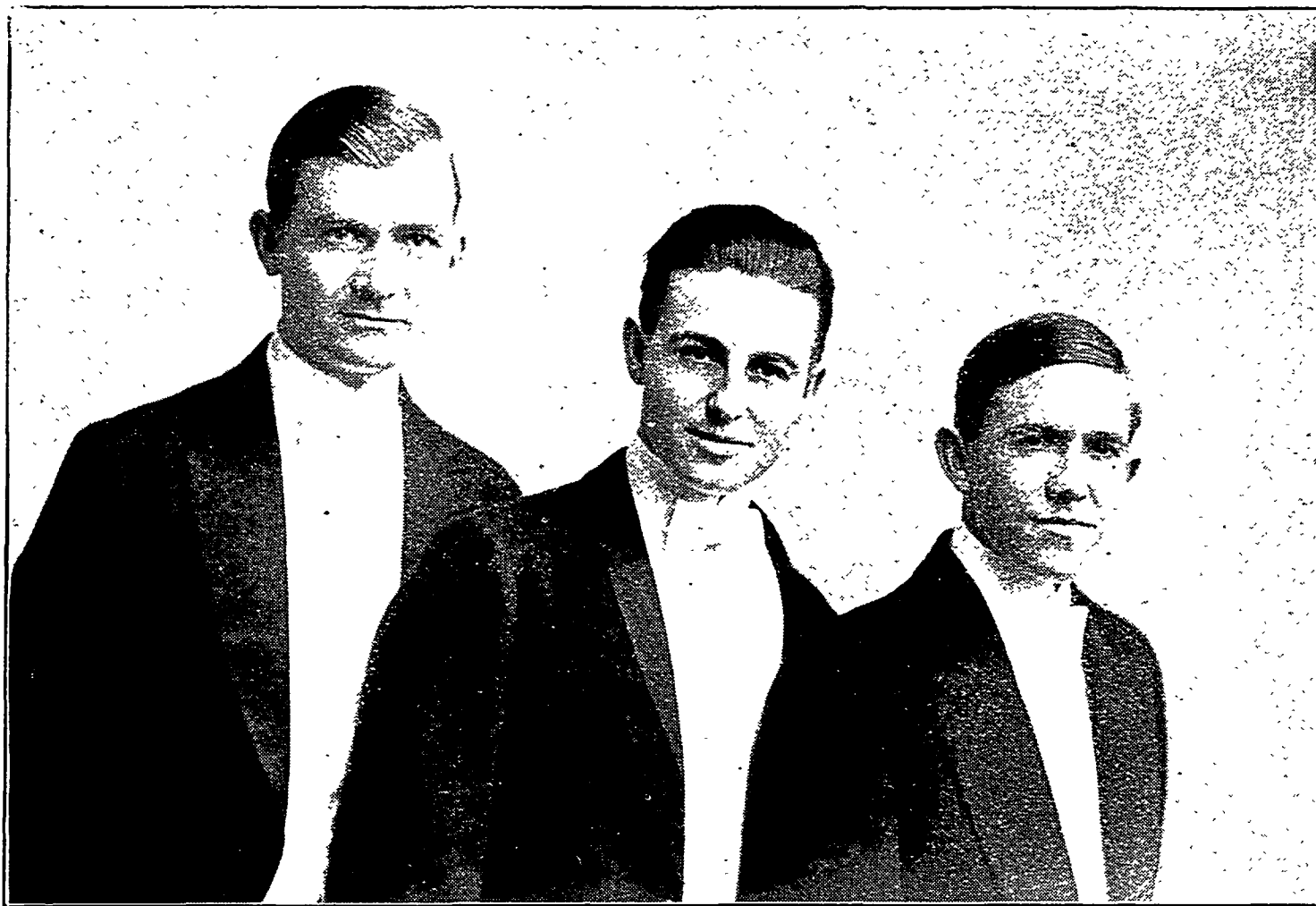
the ballot would lessen her moral influence and work irreparable injury to the state.

The rather marked disparity between the teams was particularly noticeable in the rebuttals, the affirmative proving superior in both argument and delivery. Throughout the debate the home team gave evidence of more careful preparation, better coaching, and a more comprehensive grasp of the subject.

The victors are deserving of commendation for the conciseness of their arguments and the soundness of their logic. The judges, the Hon. Charles W. Moores, Hon. Linton A. Cox,

that they were badly beaten. The Wabash debaters fought bravely and their speeches showed earnest preparation, but they lacked the careful reasoning and finished delivery which weeks of hard work and able coaching had developed in their opponents.

Notre Dame presented a clear case, contending that the women of Indiana do not want the ballot, that they do not need the ballot, and that the experience of the western states does not indicate that women could accomplish reform if they possessed the ballot. Wabash met these issues squarely. Mr. Clugston, the



PETER J. MEERSMAN

EMMETT J. LENIHAN

JAMES J. STACK

and Professor J. W. Putnam, voted unanimously for the affirmative.

DEFEATS WABASH TWO TO ONE.

While Notre Dame's affirmative team was defeating Indiana at Notre Dame, her negative team, composed of Emmett Lenihan, James Stack, and Peter Meersman, was doing equally brilliant work against Wabash College at Crawfordsville. The decision was two to one in favor of Notre Dame, but it might well have been unanimous, for Notre Dame was so decidedly superior in both logic and oratory that many of the Wabash men freely acknowledged

second speaker of the Wabash team, showed a comprehensive knowledge of the suffrage movement in this state, while Lynn Craig presented an able analysis of the western experience. The Wabash men were weak in rebuttal, Eugene Goodbar, the last speaker, being the only one who showed any fighting spirit.

Stack proved himself a star in the main speeches, delivering a carefully prepared speech in a convincing manner. Meersman and Lenihan excelled in rebuttal. The affirmative failed to press the theoretical issue and the negative's practical case, backed up at every

point by a long list of facts and illustrations, seemed to be much the stronger. The question narrowed down to the issue of whether women do or do not want the ballot. Conflicting statistics were presented on this point, but those of the negative were secured from the more reliable authorities and they carried greater weight with the judges. The Notre Dame representatives were splendidly treated during their stay in Crawfordsville. The Wabash men proved themselves good losers, and they are already looking forward to the debates of next year when they expect to come to Notre Dame with a much stronger team.

The careful training of the Notre Dame men was evident throughout the debates, and too much credit can not be given to Father Bolger and Professor Koehler for their earnest work in preparing the debaters for these contests. Ease and grace in appearance, coupled with distinctness in speech and forcefulness in gesture gave Notre Dame's men a great advantage over their opponents.

The men on the two teams who worked so long and earnestly to represent us creditably and to add two more victories to Notre Dame's already brilliant record, are deserving of the warmest congratulation and sincerest praise. They did their work well, and Notre Dame is grateful to them and proud of them.

Father Cavanaugh's Reception.

Among the many things that added dignity and brightness to the reception of Father Cavanaugh were the honorary escort and manoeuvres of the Battalion, the fancy gymnastic drill with rifles by a picked squad under Sergeant Campbell, the thoroughly excellent music of the band, Mr. Kiley's felicitous speech of welcome, and Father Cavanaugh's gracious, sympathetic, and clever reply. "We appreciated you fully only when we had lost you for a while," we told Father Cavanaugh through Mr. Kiley. "To visit England, Spain, and holy Ireland was all very good, indeed," replied Father Cavanaugh, "but best of all is it to be home again with you."

Personals.

—Things assumed their old time aspect again on last Wednesday, when Harry W. Cullen came down from Detroit, Michigan, to attend

the Junior Law dance. Harry seems to take things as easy as of old, but says we should see him in his office at Detroit.

—Byron V. Kanaley (A. B. '04) of Chicago visited the University on Sunday last. Byron is making extensive arrangements for a banner Alumni reunion in June.

—On last Monday evening the Rev. Father Cavanaugh conferred the Laetare Medal upon its latest recipient, Charles G. Herbermann, New York City.

—Walter Duncan (P. Bh. '12) of LaSalle, Illinois, called on friends at Notre Dame on Sunday. Walter wants to get close to the doings of the University so he left a subscription for the SCHOLASTIC.

—Jean Dubuc, of the Detroit American baseball team, and star twirler of the '08 Varsity, witnessed the Beloit game of last Saturday. Jean says the team performed much like the old '08 championship aggregation.

—Cornelius C. McCarthy, of Renova, Pennsylvania, a Corbyite of '08-'09, spent a few hours at the University Tuesday afternoon, renewing old acquaintances. "Con" is active in the business life of Renova, but says there's no life like that at Notre Dame.

—Brother Marcellinus, C. S. C., Director of the Central Catholic High School of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and a few of his pupils witnessed the Indiana-Varsity debate on last Friday evening. All expressed high praise for the finished work of the Varsity, and profited much from their evening at Notre Dame.

—On Saturday, May 12, our old track star, John ("Divy") Devine (LL. B. '12) and Miss Kittie Leeper, of South Bend, were united in marriage. Father Schumacher performed the ceremony, and Walter Duncan was "Divy's" groomsman. Following a wedding journey in the East, Mr. and Mrs. Devine will reside in South Bend. Congratulations, "Divy!"

—Edward H. Gunster (student '10-'11) of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and Miss Alma M. Burke, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, were joined in holy wedlock on Thursday, May 15th. The happy event occurred in Scranton. After June 15th, the Gunsters will be at home in Wilkesbarre, where "Ed" is an engineer for the Matheson Motor Company. Our best wishes, "Ed!"

—Our old friend, Edward Lynch (LL. B. '11), writing from Toledo, Ohio, says he expects to be on hand for the Alumni doings in June.

"Copper" also says he will help the Alumni do things to the Varsity on June 16th.

—Thomas O. Maguire, a brother of Father Joseph Maguire of the Chemistry department of Notre Dame, and an A. B. graduate of '09, was ordained to the holy priesthood on Saturday, May 17. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Quigley in the Holy Name Cathedral of Chicago. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Schumacher of Notre Dame. Father Maguire sang his first solemn mass on Trinity Sunday. He will enter upon parochial work immediately in the Rockford diocese under Bishop Muldoon.

Calendar.

Sunday, May 25—Second Sunday after Pentecost.
Monday,—Colgate vs. Varsity in baseball at Hamilton, New York.

Tuesday—No classes—Sorin vs. Corby in baseball.
Walsh vs. Brownson in baseball.

Wednesday—May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday—Classes (Friday's classes)

Debate with St. Viator's here, 7:30 p. m.

Friday—Feast of the Sacred Heart—Solemn high mass
Decoration Day exercises in South Bend.

Wabash vs. Varsity in baseball here.

Saturday—Wabash vs. Varsity in baseball here.

Closing of May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Local News.

FOUND—Some cuff-links, stick pins, and other articles. Owners may apply to Brother Alphonsus.

—LOST—an umbrella with a white "horse-head" handle. The umbrella was left in class room 221 of the Main Building on May 17. Finder please return to Thomas J. Hanifin, Seminary.

—Now fellows, if we want to read the South Bend papers that give the N. D. news—not N. D. knocks—let's get the *News* and the *Times*. Why should we patronize a paper that goes out of its way to insult us? No reason in the world, say we.

The preliminaries of the annual elocution contest will take place on the evening of the twenty-eighth. Prof. Koehler reports that a comparatively large number of aspirants for elocutionary honors will compete in the preliminaries. The finals will be held the evening of the thirty-first.

—In a hotly-fought contest of nine innings, the Carroll hall first team recently "trimmed"

the Brownson hall "scrubs" by a score of seven to four. Flynn and Morales pitched for the Brownson team and Shea caught, while McManus and Barry did the battery work for Carroll. Features of the game were the work behind the bat by Barry and the splendid handling of the short stop position by Bergman.

—"In the columns of the 'prep' number of the SCHOLASTIC we read the compliments paid our edition of the SCHOLASTIC, and with deepest sincerity delight in saying that the work done by the 'preps' clearly manifests much earnestness and literary ability."

Signed, JOURNALISTS.

The above letter of thanks clearly indicates that after putting the SCHOLASTIC successfully across the wire one time each, the "preps" and the Journalists have gone to patting each other on the back. All of which we heartily commend, for both did good work.

Athletic Notes.

Varsity, 2; Beloit, 1.

The unexpected occurred last Saturday when Beloit threw a big scare into the local camp by putting up the best game seen here this season. It was a big league game from the first "play ball" of the umpire. Both teams were on their toes every minute, and there were many times when the least slip meant disaster. The fielding on each side was superb, difficult chances being handled in brilliant style. Perhaps the fact that Dubuc, an old-time wearer of the Gold and Blue, and Jim Maguire, scout for the Detroit Tigers, were interested spectators had something to do with the high class of the exhibition.

The game was essentially a pitchers' battle. Fucik, who occupied the mound for the Wisconsin men, had his spitter working beautifully and held the Varsity swat-smiths hitless for the first five innings, but he weakened toward the last. Sheehan, on the contrary, was touched for a two-bagger by the first man to face him, but grew better as the game progressed, allowing only two more hits. One of these, together with an error, filled the sacks in the fourth, with none down, but the next three men were easy infield outs.

In the seventh, Beloit broke into the scoring column. A double, a bunt, and a sacrifice fly put them one run to the good, this same tally looking pretty big to the Varsity supporters

at the time, and causing an outburst of the old Notre Dame fighting spirit that is always in evidence when the team is behind. Coach Williams' men were equal to the occasion. Newning, first man up in the eighth, sent a hot one between short and third, and stole second a moment later. Then Joe Kenny gladdened the hearts of the fans by driving out a triple along the right field line, tying up the score. Regan, the next batter, drove out a sacrifice fly, and the game was won.

Aside from the general excellence of the team, the most interesting feature of the game was the performance of Carmody at short. His fielding bordered on the sensational throughout and his pegging was perfect. Score:

BELOIT	R	H	P	A	E
Johnson, cf.	0	1	0	0	0
Funk, c.	0	1	6	1	0
Gray, 1b.	0	0	10	0	0
Fucik, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Cook, lf.	1	1	2	0	0
Klesath, 2b.	0	0	3	2	0
Riess, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Hurn, 3b.	0	0	0	2	0
Kellogg, ss.	0	0	2	2	1

Totals	1	3	24	11	1
NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Regan, lf.	0	1	2	0	0
Duggan, cf.	0	1	1	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	0	0	11	1	0
Mills, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	0	1	2	3	0
Carmody, ss.	0	0	2	2	0
Newning, 2b.	1	1	0	0	1
Kenny, c.	1	1	7	0	0
Sheehan, p.	0	0	1	2	0

Totals	2	5	27	-8	1
Beloit	0	0	0	0	0
Notre Dame	0	0	0	0	0
Stolen bases—Granfield (2), Newning. Two base hits—Regan, Johnson, Cook. Three base hits—Kenny. Struck out—By Fucik, 6; by Sheehan, 4. Bases on balls—Off Fucik, 1. Sacrifice hits—Funk, Klesath, Riess, Carmody, Regan. Left on bases—Beloit, 4; Notre Dame, 2. Time of game—1:35. Umpire—Coffey.					

EASTERN TRIP BEGINS WITH VICTORY.

Last Monday the Gold and Blue began its annual invasion of the East with a win over Pennsylvania State College, getting the important end of a 5-3 verdict. The fielding of both teams was poor, the Penn aggregation making 7 errors. Kelly was chosen by Coach Williams to do the twirling, and though wild at times, he allowed his opponents only seven safeties. The victory was marred by an accident

to "Red" Regan, his ankle receiving a bad wrench in sliding to third. Kenny played a brilliant game behind the bat, while Mills led the attack with two doubles to his credit.

Score by innings:

	R	H	E
Notre Dame	1	0	0
Penn State	0	0	0

VARSITY LOSES ITS FIRST GAME.

It lay with the Naval Academy to hand the Varsity its first defeat of the season. The big guns that Siebert, the Middies' twirler, brought to bear on the invading team were too much for them, only four hits being gathered off his delivery. This fact, coupled with four costly errors by the Varsity inner defense, explains the defeat. The home team played a snappy game throughout and secured hits when they were most needed. Berger, on the mound for Notre Dame, was very wild at times, although yielding but seven hits. Secretary of the Navy, Daniels, and Father Walsh were in the grandstand.

Score by innings

	R	H	E
Notre Dame	0	0	0
Navy	3	2	0

TWO GAMES LAST SUNDAY.

WALSH, 7; ST. JOE, 1.—BROWNSON, 10; CORBY, 5.

Sunday morning Walsh easily took St. Joseph into camp by a score of 7 to 1. The game was too one-sided to be especially interesting from the spectator's point of view, but it was sufficient to put Walsh in first place with a record of four victories and one defeat.

In the afternoon Brownson met and defeated Corby 10 to 5. Hard hitting, clean fielding, and the pitching of Crilly were the good points of the victors. Corby accorded Ed. Roach poor support. They came back strong, however, in their half of the ninth and scored four runs. The final man went out with three Corbyites on the bases.

BROWNSON, 8; SORIN, 3.

Thursday afternoon Brownson defeated Sorin and tied Walsh for first place. Both Crilly and Crowley pitched good ball; the score was tied until the eighth, when the latter weakened a bit and some clean hits put Brownson in the lead. Cline led in the batting, having three hits and a sacrifice out of four trips to the plate. Brownson presented a somewhat different lineup from that used in the other games and the new men showed up well. The first half of the interhall schedule will be completed when St. Joseph and Corby play next Sunday.